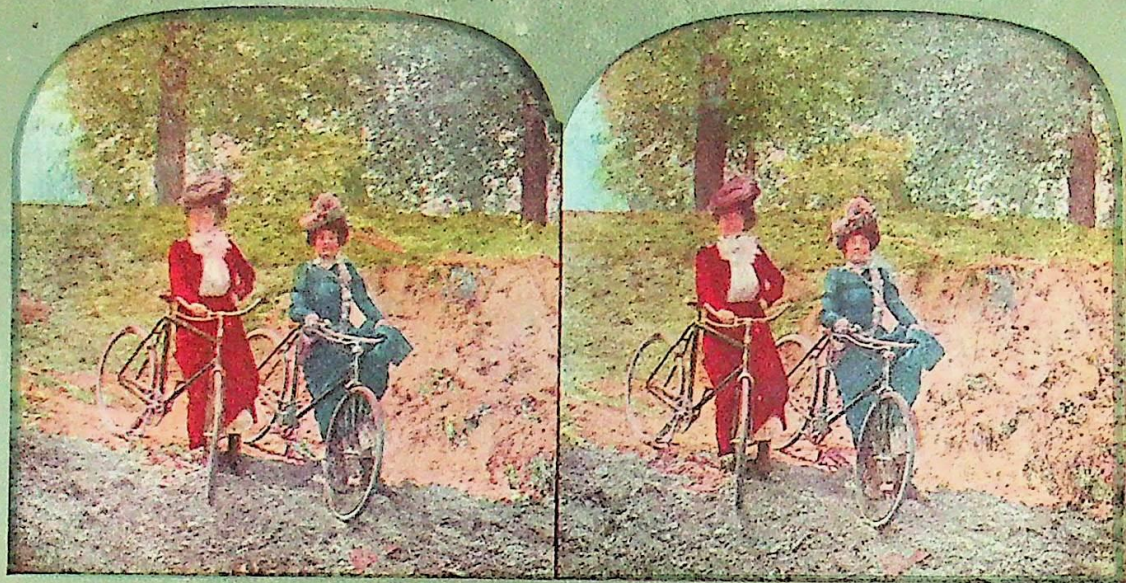


1032. A Horrid Wire Fence Bars the Path.

No. 1932. FRENCH BICYCLE MAIDENS—A HORRID WIRE FENCE BARS THE WAY.

Two pretty French maidens, just out for a spin
Espied a cool lane which they straightway turned in
Away from the heat and the dust of the highway,
They sought the cool depths of the flower bordered pathway
But a cruel and horrid wire fence barred the road,
Which, not to be daunted, they quickly bestrode;
(Not knowing, of course, that, with boldness most shocking
The snap shotter caught most a yard of one stocking).



1033. The Path Is Shady and They Want to See Where
It Goes to.

No. 1033. FRENCH BICYCLE MAIDENS—THE SHADY PATH.

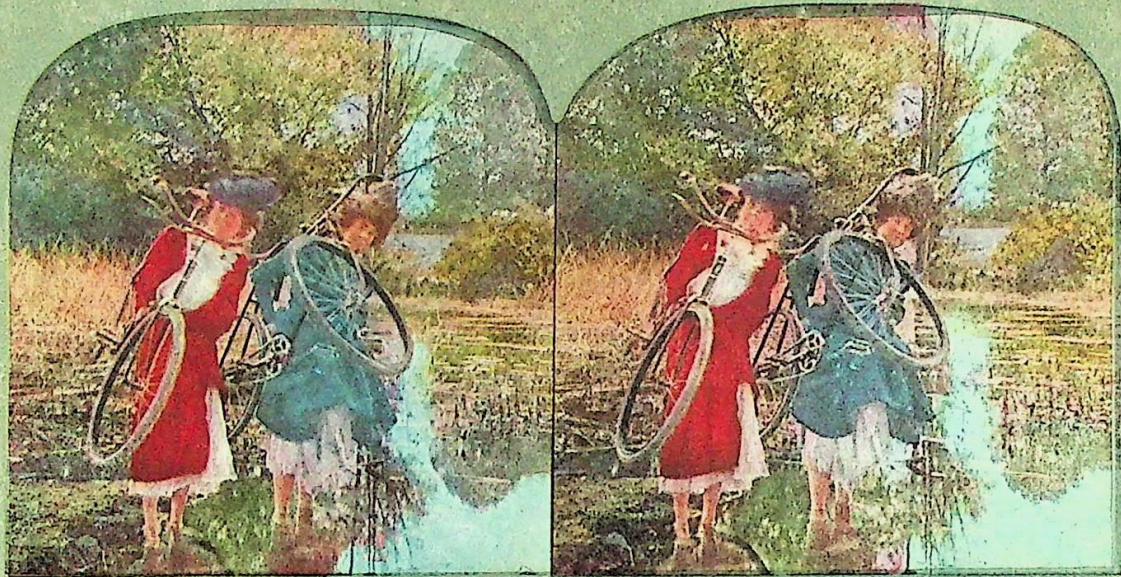
The pathway allured them to depths of the wood
(And the snap shotter followed, for shooting was good);
They wandered serenely, as if no man were near
(He made ravishing views from the front and the rear).
He caught them a-coming, and made snaps galore,
Till his camera thought 'twas a lingerie store.
The higher they lifted their skirts from the spot
The faster the shutter clicked (see what it caught).



1034. A Stream and No Bridge, So They Take Off Their Shoes and Stockings.

No. 1034. FRENCH BICYCLE MAIDENS—A STREAM AND NO BRIDGE.

They came to a stream and took off their shoes
(The snap shotter hurried, he'd no time to lose),
He snapped and he snapped, and each shot was a hit,
(But he knew what was coming and waited for it);
He wasn't quite certain how far they would go,
But (he had decided to snap the whole show).
He got one exposure that he thought was swell—
Turn over and look, (but don't you dare tell).



1035. They Wade Bravely Through, Carrying Their Wheels.

No 1035. FRENCH BICYCLE MAIDES—THEY WADE BRAVELY THROUGH.

They waded in boldly, their skirts lifted high—
(The snap shotter waited and breathed a deep sigh)
The deeper the water the higher they went,
(But the snap shotter waited, he wasn't content)
Till at last—(What's the use, if you fellows can't wait
Turn over and look, or it may be too late).
The curtains were dropping when he pressed the button
(He'd missed his best chance, just for being a glutton).



1036. But They Have to Climb the Same Old Fence on the Way Back.

No. 1036. FRENCH BICYCLE MAIDENS—CLIMBING THE SAME OLD FENCE.

And on the way back the same horrid wire fence
Again barred the way, as with malice prepense—
They clambered upon it (not with emotions demure)
Turned suddenly round and caught their pursuer.
He shook and he trembled, but they only teased;
They posed themselves for him and seemed to be pleased,
And the snap shotter learned (and this ends the rhyme)
That the pretty French maidens were "on" all the time.